Camera Man Target for Racing Train In Getting "Movies" Wreck Thriller

Braves Perils on Yachts, Aeroplanes, in Undersea Devices and on Cliff Edges as part of Day's Work

By A. L. Ansbacher, Camera Man, and M. W. Mount

WHEN people at a movie see an engineer jump from a rushing locomotive ere the speeding engine plunges to destruction, accompanying the thrill of excitement that starts every heart jumping, comes the thought that danger is over.

It never occurs to a single gaping individual that danger has just begun; that the locomotive is leaping headlong toward a camera man at the bottom of the declivity.

I've been the target for such a death-racing train. It's the most uncomfortable thrill of them all. A certain wreck is graven in my mind. To get it I had to face a wild engine twice. This was because of the way the first wreck managed itself. Wrecks never occur exactly as they are planned. Another man risked violent death in the first unexpected scene, so that none of us was eager to take the second.

To stage this wreck the producers went to Georgia, where they got the use of a stretch of railroad in an isolated spot. They paid $1,000 to the railroad company to put the track in condition for the scene, and railroad experts, surveyors and a crew of twenty carpenters laid out proper angles and locations where the wreck would occur and determined the spot where each camera man was to be stationed.

There were nine of us to take the scene from different angles. Afterward the scenes were to be matched in sequence.

Camera Men Insured For Railroad Wreck

We were each insured for $10,000 for that scene. Eight of our number, with cameras, were mounted on frail scaffolding, twenty-eight feet above the ground, and I was stationed in a trench thirty-six feet deep—dug for the purpose—below the embankment. My trench was protected by a front and roof of railroad ties, allowing a peep-hole, through which I could work the camera and see the wreck. My position was considered so unsafe that my camera had to be driven by a shaft forty-five feet away from it.

The object of the roof was to save me from being struck by flying particles of wrecked engine, but it was no protection at all against the impact of a heavy body.

On the track had been chained a box car loaded with ballast. It was supposed to contain a valuable racehorse, and in the play the audience sees the expensive understudy we bought for that horse led out of a box car after the wreck.

Expert engineers agreed that when the locomotive, running at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, struck that chained box car it would whirl around and rush down the embankment. Six or seven junkmen, who had assembled, decided that the train would make a satisfactory scrap heap, and one of them bid it in for $1,400.

The engineer was to pull open the throttle of his engine when a speed of eighteen to twenty miles an hour had been attained, after which, at greatly accelerated speed, the train was to run wild and manage its own affairs. It did. I have never yet seen a wreck follow plans laid for it. That is one thing which makes an impending wreck so thrilling to camera men. The producers retire to a safe distance; the junkmen gloat over prospective spoils from afar; the countryside crowds against protective barriers to get a sight, and often pays a dollar a head for the privilege; the engineer jumps to safety a quarter of a mile from the spot selected for the smash, but the camera man never knows how his obituary may read next day.

But for about a foot of mud, due to heavy rains, two of us might have had our life insurance collected.

The Box Chains Didn't Hold

Twenty-eight feet in the air, on the track at a distance beyond the chained box car that had been deemed perfectly safe, a camera man ground away at the train rushing upon him.

There were five Pullmans, fully equipped, an express baggage, and a dining car. The engineer made his jump without accident. On rushed the train, uncontrolled. It hit the box car according to schedule, but instead of smashing up and whirling down the embankment at the selected angle it jammed into the box car, snapped its restraining chains and shoved it ahead, directly at the frail perch of the camera man. The picture maker had not expected this. Out he jumped, twenty-eight feet, and saved his bones by landing in soft mud. The engine plunged into the mud, turned over on its side and came down the embankment with the wreckage, headed toward my trench.

I could only see where the engine hit the box car. My nerves were on edge to learn its destination. I heard our men cursing and shouting to me:

"Stay down! Stay down!" as they waited for the engine to explode.

I rushed up the ladder and poked out my head to ascertain the location of the train. The shouts were redoubled:

"Go down! Go down!"

I knew that if the explosion came wreckage would crash through my roof timbers. A mental flash of that wreck, heaped on me in the mud, acted like a dynamo. I flew up my ladder and tore through the heavy muck, never heeding the yells to "Go down! Go down!" until I reached a place of safety. Then I looked around.

The overturned engine lay in the

wreck, to the left of my dugout. A very disgruntled junkman was howling over the $1,000 he would have to pay for labor to break it into scrap if it failed to blow up. The producers wanted an engine "dying" in the picture; the junkman wanted an explosion. Nobody knew which it would be when we got the order from the producers to "hurry up and get close-ups of the engine."

We got them. That's what our lives were insured for. The only humor afforded by the situation was the junkman's expression when the engine refused to explode.

Cost $8,100 to Stage That Scene

Because of the waywardness of that engine, and after we had spent seven days staging the picture, the whole scene, with its attendant perils and expenses, had to be enacted again.

The railroad had been paid $6,800 for the train and its full equipment, and in a play that cost $121,000 that one scene of wreckage cost $8,100 on a gamble that it might turn out available. We bought another train, went up to Maryland and there secured the wreck we wanted.

In certain scenes the perils of a camera man are twofold—from explosion and concussion. The side of a mountain was to be blown out. The man who touched off the blast was stationed a mile and a half away. Civil engineers and experts on explosives planned every detail of this scene with reference to safety of life and property outside a prescribed area. We camera men were inside that limit. Engineers did their best in stationing us, but we took our chances.

Imagine a man's sensations if he beheld the side of a mountain hurled at him in great fragments! That is how we felt when two hundred pounds of dynamite, attached to blasting wires, were detonated and five of us stood grinding out the consequences within 400 yards of leaping boulders.

Our fifth man was stationed a little further back. We did not know at what moment nor in what form the blast would occur. We waited. Everything was very still. Then explosion rent the mountain with an appalling roar. The earth trembled. Coincident with it came a shock so great that I felt as though my head were gripped in a vise and I were being crushed through solid earth and rock. We ground our pictures mechanically through the nerve-wrenching concussion, and then the rocks came at us so fast that we deserted our machines and raced for our lives.

We reached the fifth man ahead of the hurtling rocks. As we passed him he abandoned his camera and fled also. But we got our pictures.

Thriller Split For Two Scenes

Occasionally a producer makes the cost of one peril help pay for another. For instance, the mountain selected for explosion formed an excellent scene for staging an automobile, with its passengers, rushing over a precipice, a thriller in another play.

On this occasion five cameras focussed on the line of descent to be taken by the automobile as it went over the cliff. But the machine did not go over in the prescribed manner. It had gained such momentum for the plunge that it dashed out beyond the cliff against the skyline and sprang directly at the camera man below. I was that man. I didn't pause to get any part of a picture, but grabbed my camera and ran. Neither did any other camera register a picture. The automobile rushed entirely out of the line of the film. Another had to be purchased and the scene reenacted. Second-hand cars at $250 to $450 apiece were not to be wasted. As for the camera man in the path of peril, he might sidestep, if he were quick enough.

If a camera man experiences nerve-racking thrills on land he doesn't find grinding out moving pictures of hydroplane perils any less exciting. It is not pleasurably exhilarating to poise in midair above the Hudson River, with no camera work to absorb the attention and prevent one from conjecturing what could be the matter with a balky engine and just how hard one would hit the water from such a height.

Heroine Lifted By Aircraft Pilot

This occurred in a scene where the hero, in his hydroplane, alighted close to the forward deck of a small yacht and rescued the heroine from the villain on that craft. The heroine was grasped and dragged up to the hydroplane by the pilot of the aircraft, who understudied for the hero in the rescue.

A second camera man, on another boat, followed the movements of the hydroplane and the girl; my camera, on the villain's yacht, got close-ups, and a third camera, on a mountain side, picked up the scene from that vantage.

It was necessary to mask myself so that I would not be "picked up" in the range of the other cameras, and I gave thanks that I was thin and could remain concealed behind the smokestack of the yacht. Here I got my pictures with difficulty. But shadows could not be obviated, and when the picture was produced it showed the hydroplane sailing; the girl, the yacht and with them the shadow of a camera grinding away.

The peril of escaping a hydroplane's manœuvres had been safely passed, and I congratulated myself that danger was over, when a call came for close-ups of the hero and heroine on the hydroplane, looking down at the villain ranting on the yacht.

It fell up to me to climb into the hydroplane, set my camera, and take those views, showing also the receding forms in the picture as the 'plane soared upward.

But the hydroplane refused to soar. There was no way to inform the excited director, hidden in the stateroom, that after my first plates had been made the hero had found his engine balky and no more pictures could be filmed.

The director was too busy managing the play on deck to glance toward the hydroplane. Excitement reigned; sailors rushed about and the villain did some fine acting.

The second yacht had come alongside and taken close-ups of the drawing away of the hydroplane after the rescue, and I was supposed to show in the diminishing figures on my reel that my picture was really taken from a hydroplane.

All the Work Goes for Nothing

There was violent ringing of bells, signalling "steam ahead!" The mountain camera picked up the race between yacht and hydroplane, and that moment I discovered that I was not getting the scenes expected—the 'plane had struck. This was my first adventure on a hydroplane and I thought it would be my last anywhere. If I had been able to work the camera I would not have felt alarmed—it had grown to be habit to grind out reels in the midst of perils—but there I hung in midair, not understanding what had happened.

I speculated on the way adjacent docks had become packed with thousands of spectators the moment the hydroplane began to get in its fine work, and people thought something worth while was about to happen, and I speculated on the hereafter. A camera man doesn't have time in land perils to speculate on the hereafter. He must grind, sprint or become "the remains."

Oh, that thrill of relief as the hydroplane descended to safety! Rain stopped our work, but I learned that my perils were not over. I must go up in the 'plane again, on another day, and make the flight picture.

When a heroine must be rescued twice the picture comes high, because $750 was paid for the yacht and $50 for each five minutes of the hydroplane and its pilot.

Like other things in life, it is the unexpected peril that happens. I did not dream that my camera would drag me over the edge of a Sierra precipice.

Any one who had seen a man pushed by another over the edge of a ravine, crash on a rocky ledge and send his rescuers dashing down to their death, as I did, might also have kicked out a tripod, in excitement, and started headlong after a heavy camera down the abyss.

When I saw the unexpected tragedy happening I instantly tilted my camera to get the picture, caught it, and the peril was upon me.

According to arrangement eight men stood on a narrow ledge of the chasm some distance below the hero. They held a blanket in which to catch him, and the scene was to be continued at a spot where he could roll safely into a romantic conclusion. The men, with their life-saving blanket, had no part in the picture as planned, but I caught the scene of the unexpected accident. My reel took up the Mexican villain, creeping behind the hero, the stab and shove over the edge of the precipice, and the fall.

This was as far as that scene went, but the hero fell so heavily that he struck the blanket from the hands of two men and crashed on the rocks.

Tried to Get Film Of Nine Deaths

Down rolled the two men thrown from their precarious foothold. They clutched desperately at jutting rocks and vines as they slid, staying their fall a moment. The other six, pulling the bleeding hero to safety, hastened to drag up their desperately situated comrades.

Believing I saw all nine men being dashed to death, I tilted my camera to get the scene; kicked over the tripod on its insufficient support and out slid my camera. I braced myself on the ledge, gripping my heavy camera, and felt its weight dragging me down. My assistant grasped me by the back of my collar, clung against the rock wall, and so we held on, neither thinking of saving ourselves at the expense of our camera record of perils until the life-savers opposite raced around the chasm and helped me drag my camera up to safety.

When an audience is keyed up to thrills of excitement over scenes exhibited in the white light of a screen and somebody remarks: "Just think, there were only two fatalities in that production!" nobody stops to think whose the fatalities might be.

Most Are Heavily Insured, but Accidents and Deaths Are Numerous Among the Picture Takers

Expatriate Explains U. S. to Neutral Europe

George D. Herron, Socialist, Says Pacifist Emissaries of Germany Are America's Greatest Bane

Upholds President as Greatest Opponent of Militarism and Fighter for All Democratic Nations

"There is but one thing that can possibly render vain America's masterful and majestic consecration—and that is the procurement of a permanent peace by the pacifist emissaries of Germany."

The writer of the foregoing extract is George D. Herron, author of "Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace" and "The Menace of Peace." Herron comes from Indiana. He studied for the ministry and served Congregational churches in Minnesota and Iowa and became professor of applied Christianity in Iowa State College under an endowment supplied by Mrs. E. D. Rand, who founded the Rand School of Social Science, in New York, where pacifists hold fatuous appointment with the millennium. As a Socialist in America his life was stormy.

Failed to Avoid the Conflict

At the outbreak of the war Herron found himself a neutral refuge in Switzerland, islanded in a sea of whispering intrigue. He tried to live in the neutral atmosphere of Romain Rolland, "Above the Battle," but his Americanism drove him out of that nebulous region.

It was then that Europe began to learn of this man Herron from Indiana. He attacked pacifist politics and pacifist morality in the leading journals of France, Italy and Switzerland with astonishing vigor. "La Semanie Litteraire" and "Journal de Genève" and "Die Freie Zeitung" and "La Revue Mensuelle," in Switzerland; "Il Giornale d'Italia," in Rome, and a score of French papers learned an interpretation of America such as they had not dreamed of.

Herron was publicly honored by the French government when Paul Desjardins, cooperating with the French Minister of Public Instruction, published his "Pro-America" as a preface to the classic edition of President Wilson's message of April 2 for French schools.

Wilson a True Pacifist

In "Pro-America" Herron says: "It is a curious but divine irony that most of the great pacifists of history—the men who loathed war and sought to end it—have been placed in positions that morally compelled them to fight. They have had to enter the wars of their times in order to conclude and consecrate them, making them the violent openers of freedom's doors, the procurers of a closer approach to mutualized man and his wedded world. Such is the destiny decreed to the last and greatest of political pacifists, President Woodrow Wilson.

Herron continues to show that America is only incidentally at war with Germany, but is purging the world of its feudal class and is aiming at world union and world happiness that are beyond the vision or belief of European nations. He says:

"I know that as against the interpretation I have presented the pacifist critics proclaim the action of America to be the triumph of a scheming and moneyed militaristic propaganda; but precisely the opposite is profoundly the truth. America has become practically and exultantly anti-militarist.

Will Destroy Militarism

"She has mobilized her will and her faith, her sons and her cities and her prairies, her natural and industrial and inventive resources, for the purpose of bringing militarism to its full and final end. She has taken up arms in order to destroy the need for arms. She has made herself the militant exponent of millennial peace."

Herron concludes his preface to the French state paper thus: "The end is not in doubt—even though the human race wade through woes yet unknown and immeasurable. Already, in the hour when America decided to fight for the freedom of humanity and the peace of the world—in that instant the old heaven and the old earth began gathering themselves together for departure; and it is beneath a new and more intimate heaven, it is amid the sudden vast resources of a collective spiritual perception, and into the tremendous morning of an earth newly born and transfigured, that Woodrow Wilson leads now the enleagued and determined democratic peoples."

Aerial Maps First Need in Modern War

Land Survey as Essential to Fighting Fliers as Marine Chart Is to Ocean Navigators

U. S. Well Up In This Branch

Air Route From New York to San Francisco Mapped —France Leads in This Art

By Henry Woodhouse
Editor of "Flying"

Maps have always been most important factors in military and naval operations, just as they have been important factors in peaceful travel over land and water. To the aviator the map is as important as to the navigator at sea; and just as the mariner's chart must tell the navigator of currents, depth of the water, and locations of rocks and reefs, so the aeronautical map must tell the aviator of the character of the land and the configuration of the bodies of water below. It must show the land as it is, the exact shape of cities, woods, and lakes; the course of rivers, railroads, and roads; it must indicate clearly the prominent landmarks and the established aerodromes and open fields suitable for landings, etc. In short, the aeronautical map must show the land as nearly as possible as it looks to the aviator from the air.

Aerial Maps Are of Four Types

The more important aeronautical maps in current use, especially in the present war, may be divided into four types. These, with the leading representatives of each type, are as follows:

General aeronautical maps. These are maps that have already been in existence for some time but are on a scale suitable for aviation, say three or four miles to the inch. The roads shown in red, railroads in black, forests and woods in green, and waterways in blue.

Special aeronautical maps. These are maps that have been prepared primarily for aviation. They represent the usual map elements in a bold and striking way, stressing the features of importance to the aviator. In addition they show aerodromes for aeroplanes and dirigibles; landing fields, when there are no hangars; stations where gas for dirigibles is obtainable; the approximate shape of cities, towns, and villages, and such landmarks as prominent churches, railroad stations, windmills, smokestacks, castles, and monuments.

These maps are used for long-distance flights and raids. When a flight is planned, the aviators go over the map, lay down the route to be followed, and study the details given on the map, together with any other information that they may be able to get regarding the configuration of the land over which they will fly, the possible landing places, etc.

Special aeronautical maps for permanent aerial routes. These give the information required by an aviator only for a strip of territory along a given route. This type of map originated in Italy and has not yet been put into general use outside of that country. The distinctive feature of this map is the treatment of the air route and its landing places. The route itself, a permanent one, is indicated as a red dotted line.

Long Routes In America Mapped

An American map of this kind is the Sperry aeronautical map. It was evolved independently of the Italian map and has several improvements over the latter. In this series maps of the air routes between New York and Chicago, New York and Newport News, Va., and of Long Island, have already been prepared. In addition to the topographical information they carry, it is planned to show aerodromes, prominent landmarks and the landing places for twenty-five to fifty miles on either side of the route. Each leg of the route is marked with its magnetic bearing, both coming and going, and compass roses showing the magnetic variation in a given district are added at frequent intervals. The bearing from one city to another is determined by projecting the line of flight between those two cities and then transferring this line by means of parallel rulers to the nearest compass rose. As all the bearings are magnetic, the pilot simply steers his craft according to the charted reading.

A map is also being prepared of the air-line, or great circle, route between New York and San Francisco, which would make it possible for any aviator to fly across the continent without losing his way.

Photographic maps. It is on maps of this type that the military operations on the present battle fronts are based. In the conduct of these operations photographic maps are essential. They are re-made daily, often several times a day, to include the changes shown by the photographs taken by the aviators from their aeroplanes. These photographic maps show the configuration in the most minute details, and with the utmost care, as the success of certain operations depends upon the exactness of the smallest topographical details.

Aerial Photography Great Aid to Troops

Aerial photography is now almost an exact science. The aviator from a height of 6,000 to 8,000 feet can take a photograph which will include and show clearly the whole of Manhattan Island; and the photograph can be enlarged to show the main streets, docks, bridges and buildings.

A series of photographs can be taken from New York to Albany which can be combined to form a continuous map of the entire route and show every detail to scale—such a map as could not be made by any other method even with the expenditure of years of time and large sums of money.

Or the aviator, flying at what is considered a slow rate for an aeroplane, about seventy miles an hour, can take a motion picture of the entire route, giving the exact topographical conditions. This would permit the military authorities within twenty-four hours to conduct operations with certain knowledge as to the conditions between Albany and New York.

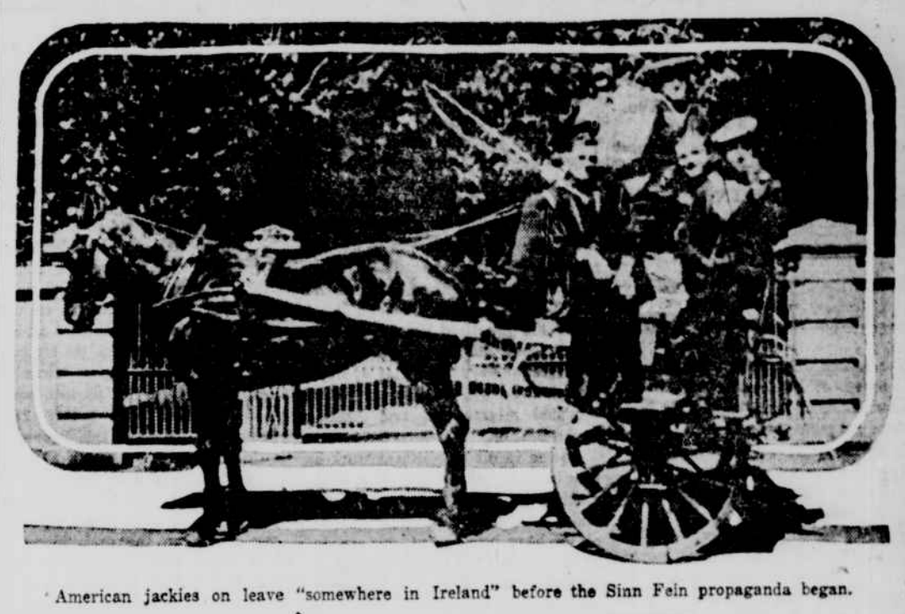
Ultimately, it may be possible to add on the margins of the printed route maps the photographic map of the corresponding strip of territory, and thus make the reading of the map and the identification of the terrain a matter of no difficulty whatever.

Existing aeronautical maps are mainly the result of the work of the aero clubs of France, Italy and the United States. The same pioneer sportsmen and volunteers who were responsible for developing aeronautics in the different countries up to the time of the war were also responsible for the first aeronautical maps.

In 1910 officials of the Automobile Club of America and the Aero Club of America combined efforts in making a topographical map of western Long Island for aeronautical purposes. This map gave the main routes, inhabited places and landing fields suitable for landing aeroplanes. It was very creditable work for a time when a 'cross-country aeroplane flight of twenty-five or fifty miles was still considered an extraordinary event.

(By Courtesy of Geographical Review)

Sinn Feiners, Unable to Convert U. S. Sailors to Their Cause, Start Riots



American jackies on leave "somewhere in Ireland" before the Sinn Fein propaganda began.

When Effort to Divert Americans From British Alliance Fails, Bluejackets Are Charged With Crimes Against Women, Mobbed and Beaten in Streets

By Patrick O'Flaherty

IRELAND, Oct. 25.—For two months after the American navy last May made this port one of their British bases, the Sinn Féin made it a "Little Bit of Heaven" for the American bluejackets.

Then, almost over night, the Sinn Féin flopped.

Sinn Féin's motive was at first to divert the Americans from alliance with England into alliance with Sinn Féin and Germany; and when the failure of this piece of idiocy became apparent, it adopted the equally idiotic manoeuvre of attempting to drive the Americans out of Ireland.

Before the American navy arrived last May there was a great deal of eagerness to give the American bluejackets a generous welcome ashore. In accordance with the Kultured notion of the Sinn Féin to turn to advantage every circumstance, an attempt was made at once to turn this cordiality to account. A series of Sinn Féin demonstrations were held nightly in the street of a large city not far from this port for a week before the arrival of the first American flotilla. Each of these demonstrations was pointed distinctly toward the Americans' arrival.

Sailors Received Rousing Welcome

When the gray ships steamed into this harbor and gave their first shore leave a large crowd was waiting to greet the tenders which brought the Americans ashore. This crowd included British Tommies from the harbor garrisons here, British sailors from the Grand Fleet flotilla, which is quartered here, and civilians, among whom were a liberal sprinkling of Sinn Féiners.

The reception was intensified in the direction of Sinn Féinism when the American vessels gave their first overnight liberty at the large city which is situated near here. The bluejackets were swallowed up almost en masse in Sinn Féin demonstrations.

A baseball game was arranged for the Americans. The band of the 3d Leinsters was secured, and on July 18 3,000 Irishmen filled a certain cricket ground to see "a fine ten-innings exhibition of the code," in which the U. S. S. Trippe defeated the U. S. S. Melville, 7 to 6.

About this time the ulterior motive of the Sinn Féin was beginning to be bared. The Americans began to hear hints of it that were too broad to be misunderstood. The Sinn Féiners continued to heap hospitality upon them, but the accompanying hints were, of course, treated by the Americans as a joke.

About this time, too, an incident occurred which the Sinn Féin, in reversing its attitude toward the Americans overnight, later seized upon as an explanation.

Attitude Reversed Over Drugged Girl

A girl who had been fed drugged candy was found at daybreak in a well-known suburban promenade, given clothing and removed to her home. Rightly or wrongly, the Sinn Féin laid the incident at the door of the Americans.

Given skilful publicity by the Sinn Féin, this charge was used to reverse the attitude of this mercurial city into a furore of feeling against the Americans.

Only a day or two later, foiled of its pro-German purposes, the Sinn Fein was attacking Americans on leave wherever it could find them.

I witnessed one evening of this anti-American hysteria.

It began at the railroad station, where a crowd of some fifty boys in their teens hissed and jeered American bluejackets who had just arrived from this port. When a squad of some fifty Americans, some of whom were accompanied by girls, left the station, these boys followed them in a body, booing and hissing, but maintaining a safe distance. The Americans paid them no heed until they came on a brother American backed against the doorway of a disused variety hall, with a great crowd threatening him.

The crowd of Americans at once started through the mob of Sinn Feiners, numbering about 100, to rescue their comrade. The Americans secured their "matey" quickly and went off with him, followed by the Sinn Feiners, now augmented to about 300 in number. Throughout this incident twelve of the Royal Irish Constabulary stood across the street looking on.

Further up the street the Americans began breaking up into small groups. Numbers of them entered corner "pubs." Others, in the company of girls, entered the confectioners' shops. When their number had dwindled to about a dozen the crowd of Sinn Feiners, by this time numbering near 500, became aggressively menacing. In a yelling mob the Sinn Feiners chased the sailors down the street, but at the corner the constabulary met them with drawn nightsticks and beat them back.

Along the quays they found three Americans defending themselves against a dozen Sinn Feiners. With a rush they made for the trio, and again the Americans had to seek safety in a precipitate flight.

Rioting Lasted For Six Weeks

By this time some of the cinemas were closing, and the rioting Sinn Feiners swept back through the streets and stationed themselves at theatre doors to pounce upon Americans as they came out. Several Americans in the company of girls were set upon and either beaten or made to flee, leaving their girls behind. This sort of thing happened to about a dozen Americans before the constabulary swung into vigorous action with their nightsticks and succeeded in dispersing the Sinn Feiners.

Nightly, with increasing violence, this sort of thing went on for six weeks. Finally, on September 12 Frederick Plummer, twenty-four years old, a civilian, employed in a certain dockyard here, died of concussion of the brain after Machinists' Mate J. W. Parente, U. S. S. Melville, had knocked him down in defending himself and a girl from attack on the night before. On September 13 a Coroner's jury reached a verdict of accidental manslaughter, but turned Parente over to the American naval authorities, who locked him in the Melville's brig pending receipt of word from the Navy Department regarding the disposition of his case.

This fatality resulted at once in the second cancellation of all shore leave for enlisted men in both the American and British flotilla here—a cancellation that has not even yet been stayed.

It is, of course, not the intention to represent the American sailor on shore leave in war time as a disembodied spirit, and some of the stories the confraternities told of happenings to Irish girls who were in the company of American sailors were undoubtedly true.

American's Pay Made Him Favorite

The American sailor's pay gave rise to certain other complications. British Tommies and British sailors are paid from 28 cents a day up, while Americans get their dollar a day and up. This put in the blouse pocket of the American sailors such possibilities of entertainment as Irish girls had never dreamed of.

Such goings-on had never occurred when British sailors with the 28 cents a day were the only attractions. So that British sailors and the town lads who never before had had the slightest competition in winning the hearts of girls now found themselves abandoned, while the girls—their girls!—went trooping off into that unheard-of fairyland which Jack, of the U. S. S. Klondike, and his dollar a day opened to them.

The Sinn Fein has succeeded in ostracizing American sailors ashore in Ireland, except among the girls and among the tradesmen, who make $1,000 a night extra when the usual 400 Americans are given shore leave. The tradesmen are making good headway, however, toward securing a restitution of leave for the Americans. Two of the largest trade bodies here have passed resolutions of "regret" at the "deplorable occurrences," and at the present moment there are prospects that, following a big Sinn Fein demonstration here next Sunday, leave will be reopened for the Americans.

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The Spirit That Never Dies—By Harry L. Reichenbach

Marathon and Thermopylæ, Horatius and the Gracchi, Roland, Arthur and Cœur de Lion have lived through ages because of the manhood they illustrate—the Spirit that never dies. To-day that Spirit is burning again on a thousand battlefields, flaming into a tragedy, smouldering through months of dreariness, but always the same. This is an attempt to save from utter loss some of the stories of the Spirit, gathered at random and by accident from out the turmoil and confusion that have hidden a myriad like them.

PILOT JEAN PROCOMTAL, son of a marquis and a beloved member of Franco-American Flying Corps N-102, was mentioned last week as having brought down his thirteenth Hun machine.

The bare announcement read:

"Procomtal, above Houlthurst, brought down an observation machine. His thirteenth."

The announcement gave no insight into Procomtal's previous exploits and activities.

Trying to "pump" information out of the members of the various flying squadrons regarding their own experiences is not unlike shouldering the responsibilities of an examining attorney questioning a prisoner in his own defence.

I learned from Bennett Molter of Procomtal's distinguished services and the reason for there being on that youth's breast the English D. S. O. and Victoria Cross, the Cross of St. George, bestowed by Russia; the Italian, Serbian and Rumanian decorations, and four palms on his Croix de Guerre, and the Medaille Militaire, conferred upon him by his beloved France.

Procomtal, early in 1914, enlisted in the aviation service, and was assigned to the school near Naon. In 1915 he did splendid service as a regulator of artillery fire, and, on one flight, succeeded in bringing down an enemy plane.

In June, 1915, Procomtal and his observer, Lieutenant Gorgeau, were flying at an extreme height and became confused and were lost in a fog bank. Flying around for the better part of an hour, they found themselves running out of gasolene, and made a landing in what they thought was French territory.

Hardly had their machine landed when two Boche sentries started toward them, bayonets fixed.

While Procomtal held the two Germans off, Gorgeau set fire to the machine and was killed in the explosion that followed.

Procomtal was taken prisoner and removed to the interior of Germany.

In August Procomtal thought he saw an opportunity to escape, and tried it. Police dogs took up his trail and he was captured six miles from camp and condemned to "black hole" for thirty days. In November of the same year he again tried to escape, but fell and injured his leg when near the Swiss frontier and became easy prey for a scouting party of Landsturmers.

Procomtal served from November 14 to January 18 in solitary confinement, existing on the black bread and water and occasional acorn flavored coffee, and on January 26, during a terrible blizzard, again made his way out of the prison camp and toward the Swiss frontier.

For forty-one days, frozen and starved, this twenty-two-year-old boy tramped across the enemy's land and finally fetched up in Switzerland and was immediately given food and transportation home.

"He arrived in France on March 23," said Moulter, "and was about the fittest subject for a hospital I've ever seen. He stayed in bed thirty days, recuperating from his terrible ordeal, and then, as soon as his strength returned, came out to camp and took up where he left off."

Procomtal bears every decoration that can be given a man for distinguished and valorous service, and now has but one ambition. To quote him:

"To bring down one German for each day of the ninety-five days he spent in 'black hole.'"

Procomtal was in the same esquadrille with Walter S. Rheno, O. M. Chadwick, Leslie Ludlum, Vic Wells, Granville Pollock, Everett Buckley, George Miller and Bennet Moulter. Of these Chadwick is dead, Vic Wells and Ludlum are in the hospital, wounded; Pollock and Moulter are Croix de Guerre men, Buckley is dead, and Miller is out of service because of a fall.

Buckley and Chadwick sold their lives dearly. In combat with three Germans, Chadwick saw two go crashing down to earth, his victims, before the third got him, while Buckley successfully fought five Boches for forty minutes before a shot crumbled the wing of his machine, leaving him helpless.

Miller, who bears two hitches for service in the United States Army and one for service with the Philippine scouts, did yeoman's work until "gas" got him.

I visited this esquadrille on the day that wonderful Jack Monroe called upon Vic Wells to spend part of his furlough with him.

You recall Monroe's miserable showing against Jim Jeffries in that memorable fight ten years ago. You should see Monroe and hear the stories the Princess Puts tell of him. How he goes over the top, bayonet set, gun strapped to shoulder, knife in mouth and a two-bladed ax gripped tightly in his hand. How, when the parapet of a German trench is crushed in, Jack goes in, crouched, and starts swinging the ax. What a difference between prize fighting and trench warfare. It simply imbues one with a something as yet undefinable by scientist—unless it's the spirit that forces one onward—the undying spirit that converts a man into a devil.

Civilization was the last element to be absorbed by man in his evolution. Morality was last to be achieved. And on the backward trend these elements are the first to be lost—forgotten. And when, after hours of ceaseless, heart-breaking artillery fire, shock, living in constant danger of death—one is told to go forward, one has but to go—carrying the spirit to the enemy—to the destruction of that enemy.

Hookworm Lured Under Microscope

Many Malific Germs Shown at Society's Thirty-ninth Exhibit

For the first time in New York the public had an opportunity yesterday of seeing hookworm eggs hatch. This was one of the many exhibits shown at the exhibition of the New York Microscopical Society, at the American Museum of Natural History. Also for the first time in New York, the public was introduced to the acrobatics of the living corkscrew, the spirochaeta pallida, a creature whose family play an evil part in the diseases of mankind. The bacilli which cause typhoid fever, diphtheria and tuberculosis also were on view.

For those who preferred the beauties of Nature under the microscope there was a whole section devoted to the marvels of the infinitesimal world. The diatoms, the germs of the plant world; the polarized minerals, superrainbows; the lustrous colors of creatures, such as the Brazilian beetle, and many other objects were surrounded by interested groups of people.

The importance of the microscope in the detection of crime was brought out strongly, and it was shown that there is not a single department of human industry in which the microscope does not play an important part. The objects shown mounted into the hundreds and the exhibition was held to be the most successful that the society has held in its thirty-nine years of active work.